The Night Takes (And The Sun Gives)

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The Night Takes (And The Sun Gives)

by Ruiz_M

Summary

Abigail,
I fear that the monster is right. That he has stunk his claws into me growing rotten roots inside me, infecting the very being of my essence. I feel pleasure and shiver when his eyes meet mine. It is as though he sees me as I truly am.
-
Inspired loosely by Dracula
Updates every Saturday!

Chapter 1

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 3rd
I have managed to make it to the quaint and small town of Budapest. It's lovely and the air is fresh. I believe it will do my mental strain quite well although the doctors do say it is because of nervous complaints rather than physical I'd much rather it is physical as those are very easy to cure with fresh air and a good diet… My German though lacking is allowing for communication and to a degree some comfort. The carriage ride is not for the weak. The primitive roads are rough and I must admit even though the country is beautiful it does not compare to London with the dogs and my home. Though the wolves that were howling under my window all last night kept me up I have managed to find my way to the Golden Krone Hotel where I found a letter from my client, it reads as follows:

My Friend,
Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well tonight. At three tomorrow the diligence will start for Bukovian; a place on it is kept for you. At the Borgo Pass, my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land,
Your friend,
HANNIBAL.

Such an odd man. Calling me a friend seeing as how we have never met, but I digress.

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 4th
The oddest thing just happened to me. While asking questions about Count Lecter the innkeeper seemed to dodge all my questions. His gaze was frightened and his body seemed to shudder at the very mention of the Count's name. I tried to persuade him to talk more but he pretended not to understand my German which was very funny since he seemed to answer my questions about what I owned him just fine moments ago. As I sit in this train I have a crucifix around my neck from the innkeeper's wife. She had stopped me right before I left and continued asking me to stay. She said that today was too terrible of a day to leave and while I felt a little bit of guilt for leaving this poor older woman to fret and worry, I could not let Jack down. So I wear the crucifix to help relieve a bit of guilt.

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 5th

The way to the castle was most beautiful. The green hilltops were lush and were kissed by the sun. The mountains were strong and large towering over us. It would not be so bad of a place to live, but as it is so isolated I fear that it would be too hard to get Abigail the schooling she needs. Perhaps when she's a bit older we would move here. The dogs would love it and run free. We rode for a long while the night drawing nearer and nearer, closing the scenery around us in darkness. The other passengers on board avoided me as well, huddling together. The driver was pushing the horses as we got closer to the destination. You should've heard the whining. It was most awful. The coach driver seemed to be in deep relief as well as the passengers as we made it to my stop and no one was there to meet me. To be quite honest I was a bit frustrated. I was on time and my client was not.

I sighed and I believe the driver noticed as before I could speak he began to say, “There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected after all. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return tomorrow or the next day; better the next day.” Suddenly the night air was interrupted by the sound of the horses growing wild. They snorted and threw a fit that rivals the demons in hell. Then pulled up a carriage with sleek black horses, beautiful creatures, and a driver who donned all black. His lips in the low light were extremely red and his sharp teeth were extremely white like ivory.
“You are early tonight, my friend.”

I stopped for a moment. His voice was hard and cruel and I felt something twisting in my lower stomach. The passengers felt it too. One of the passengers began to move their hands in a cross-like motion.
“The English Herr was in a hurry,” The driver said shakily.
“That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my horses are swift.” The lamp shone on his eyes and I swore, Abigail dearest, they were red.
The passenger who was praying spoke quietly, “Denn die Todten reiten schnell”

That is not all that happened that left me uneasy. The driver who told me that the count sent him was rather reckless. We drove in circles for hours upon hours. Soon it was midnight. Then a dog began howling, a frightened sound filled with what seemed like pain and fear, and others began to join too. A chorus of what seemed like hell itself. The driver was turning his head about as if he could actually see into the darkness.

Then suddenly as lightning wolves began to howl loudly. I could hear them running in the woods. I said nothing as the driver himself did not seem concerned. Then the driver pulled up to an enormous castle which had little light shining in its windows.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Decided to update a bit early. I'm really excited to write this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 5th cont

The count is an older man whose features are sharp and well-kept. His nose is strong in size and structure. His limbs were long and muscular and his broad chest was sturdy like oak. "Mr. Graham. How happy I am to see you." He said with a thick but understandable accent. His mouth moves in such a way that it makes it seem that his teeth are too large and sharp.

There is something wrong about him. He's too graceful like a feline. His teeth are shaped like a predator's. And his eyes… such a strange and deep color. Dearest Abigail, I must tell you all about it when I get home. The count showed me to my room and I was exhausted but starving and so I made my way to the dining room. This Count is the epitome of opulence. His dining room is set up with the most expensive dining set I have ever seen. The silverware is made of gold rather than silver. The chalices were crystal and the dining table cloth was made of fine fabric.

He served me a meal of tender steak and roasted potatoes done with exotic spices. Apparently, he cooks for himself. I was quite enjoying his company when he looked at me directly and asked, "Mr. Graham, are you not fond of eye contact?" I did not look up as I continued eating.
"No. No, I do not as eyes are the windows to the soul and what right do I have to look into your soul, Count." I did not phrase it as a question.

Jack would have been so angry at me for the way I spoke to him, but the Count laughed.
"And tell me how old you are, Mr. Graham, you look quite young."
I was tempted to roll my eyes so I responded quickly lest I offend him too much, "I am old enough to perform my job if that is what you're wondering."
"No. I am merely wondering as your eyes seem much wiser than anyone I have seen of your age."

I had no choice. I looked up at him and stared him directly in the eyes.
"Do they?" I ask, skeptical. He nodded and we did not speak for the rest of dinner.

"Do you smoke?" He asked after supper. I nodded and he handed me a cigar. I sat down at the fire next to him. It crackled lightly as I lit my cigar up. This night has left me feeling drained. I retired to my room after a while. The Count did not speak, simply staring at me. I paid it no mind and continued to smoke.

“Are you a religious man, Mr. Graham?” I turned over to see him staring at my neck.
I toyed with the crucifix before shaking my head.
“No. Not really.”
“Well, why not?” The Count asked.
“I don’t really find him to be fair,” I responded before any real thought went into it. He laughed again.

“God must be the most fair entity in the world. He is cruel to those who sometimes do not deserve it and he is kind to those who sometimes do not deserve it.” It was my turn to laugh. “God makes a small, pure, fragile, and innocent lamb and in the same breath asks it to be slaughtered in sacrifice to him. He is not fair. He is prideful.” The Count smiled showing his teeth to which my body shivered at the sight of them. I looked down to avoid them.

I noticed his hands then; his fingernails were cut to a sharp point as his teeth were. His eyes then seemed to flash red. Abigail, I fear my mind is playing tricks on me, but I have no reason to believe that to be so.

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 7th

My client vanished this morning entirely. I was not very sorry to say he was not missed. I walked into the dining room to see a cold plate and hot coffee as the pot was set on the hearth. I drank the coffee but left the meal. I rang the bell but no one came, but as it was of no importance to me I left. But as it happens I have yet to see any servants at all. Which cannot be possible as this castle is much too large.

I walked through the halls testing doors and once opened, that left me quite glad. The library was open and large with many editions of many books. One looked quite used, Dante’s Inferno. The edges were worn and the spine, though treated carefully, was able to tell that it had been opened many times. As I held the book carefully the Count entered.

His eyes shone with a strange glow as though he couldn’t tell whether to be angry with me for touching his things or being glad that I had found his things. What a gluttonous man glad to show off his wealth angry that he has to share it. I did not set the book down, choosing instead to sit down and hold it even tighter. He seemed to know what I was thinking as his eyes hardened, but his mouth loosened with a smile.

He sat down next to me.
“Do you enjoy reading?” He asked.
“Knowledge is power,” I responded, not unkindly.
“Do you read Francis?” He asked.
“Yes. I quite enjoy his works.”
“Mr. Graham has anyone told you, you are rude.” The Count said with an air of lightness that was faux. His eyes told me all I needed to know. His body was relaxed but his eyes were full of rage. This man did not enjoy being ignored.

“Yes. Several times. I have yet to find anyone to respect enough to be kind to.”
The Count’s eyes lit up. He viewed it as a challenge. He viewed me as a challenge.
“You are from London.” It was a statement rather than a question.
“I don’t find you that interesting,” I replied before we could start a full conversation.

He smiled his eyes showing an incredible amount of amusement.
“You will.”

Maybe it was because of the previous night. Perhaps it was the fact the room got colder as his anger grew more vicious but it sounded rather ominous than friendly.
“Count Lecter I believe we should discuss business as I believe it to be improper that we become friendly as we are involved in a business relationship.”
The Count nodded in agreement and we spoke on boring business about his new house in London. He seemed to enjoy it very much, not very surprising as the house was large and grand, and if the Count was anything he was large and grand. He began asking how solicitors work and while I find him a bit too curious about boring matters I explain to the best of my abilities.
Though to be frank I feel as though he did that to show off his wealth of knowledge. He asked interesting questions about our system. He managed to talk to me all the way into the morning. I am exhausted but felt that I needed to write this down. My headaches have been getting worse as I stay here in this stuffy castle. I will go for a walk tomorrow.

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 8th
The creature with which the Count is; is not human. His form may seem human but it is not! He is not human! He is a monster! A creature from that has come from hell itself. As I walked through the halls looking for an exit to walk I entered a room full of mirrors. From ceiling to walls were mirrors and one large bed in the middle and then entered the Count except I could not see him in the mirrors.

I was so frightened that I stumbled back into the mirrors cracking one. I felt the glass cutting into the skin of my palm. It was painful, but I had hardly noticed as I fought to get away, and quicker than I could see Lecter grabbed my bloody palm. His eyes lit up as he smelled the blood. I shivered at the pure hungry look in his eyes.
Abigail, I worry that this creature has a powerful hold on me. He had me by my bloody hand licking his lips and I did nothing.

Finally, he seemed to understand where we were at and closed my palm with his hand. It was much larger than mine; his claws digging into the top of my hand as he said, “Take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country.” His accent is thick with hunger and want.
He left me after that to take in what happened. My heart is beating faster than it has ever had in my life. My breath shuddered in my lungs as if it had difficulty escaping.

I grew angry and then rushed to my room. I tore at the sheets ripping up the beautiful and fine fabric and wrapped it around my bleeding palm. It is very clumsy as I’m having trouble with my left hand as my right was injured. The pen is shaky and I fear no one will be able to understand this but know this. The Count is a monster.

Later

I am locked inside this place! I have wandered the halls pulling on doors hoping to find a clue, but all outside exits have been locked. Rooms such as the library and dining room are open. But make no mistake, Will Graham, you are a prisoner in a beautiful cage but a cage no less.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think! Oh, and if you can think of any tags to add please let me know!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 8th cont

I decided to play the role of bait and fisherman all at once and I've decided that the Count must play the role of the fish. I must lure him in, befriend him, and let him release me. In order to do that he must not know I know (I fear that to be impossible as he must know why I ran away from him) but nonetheless, perhaps let him know I know but do not mind what he is whatever that is.
As I sat down for dinner Hannibal finished serving and that was when it suddenly occurred to me. There was no one else here in this castle. It was me and this monster alone.

"Count, what exactly are you?" I asked as I picked up my fork.
He did not hesitate as he said, "A man just the same as you, Mr. Graham."
I smiled though it felt as though I was signing a deal with the devil himself. I took a deep breath and spoke, "Men are equal to one another, yet we are not equals. You are a count whilst I am just a lowly solicitor. Men who are equal call each other by their first names."
"Well then, Will, as I said I am man just like you."
"Man always has history, what is yours?" I asked as I stared at him. He hadn't eaten for a third night in a row now.
"The Lecters have been around for centuries. We have been aristocrats for as long back as our history goes." He spoke with such confidence as if he was there; perhaps he was. And if that's true then he truly is the devil.
Journal entry from Will Graham, May 12th
Hannibal, the devil, has managed to trick me into staying another month.

As I smoked a pipe Hannibal managed to ask about our solicitor's system. He was asking questions like he was interrogating me and then he mentioned that he would need my services for a while.
"How long is awhile?" I said as I looked up.
"Please write to Mr. Jack Crawford that i will need his employee for around another month."
My heart stood still for a moment.
"For so long? Whatever for?" I asked, refusing to tremble my fingers.

"When i mentioned i would be needing services from Mr. Crawford he mentioned that only my needs would be consulted… Is that not correct?" His smile told me what I knew. He had won. I sighed heavily and nodded grimly.
"If that is what you need, Hannibal."
"Please allow me to write in your stead as your hand is injured." He reached over and grabbed my wrist sliding down his hand until his finger pushed at my palm pulling the wound open again. The blood seeped out and I did not move a muscle.
"Thank you, Hannibal. That is very kind of you." The words were bitter like the worst of

poisons.
He sat down at the writing desk.

To Jack Crawford,
I am unfortunate enough to have injured my hand so that our client Count Hannibal Lecter must write for me. I do not wish to talk about it. I have been notified by Count Lecter that he needs me for a month's time longer. I will do all that I can to make sure he is satisfied.
At this, the Count paused with a sardonic grin. I said nothing but I was sure the way I was glaring told him enough.

“Not interesting enough to befriend, but just interesting enough to satisfy?”
I smiled gently as I said, “I now find you interesting, Count Lecter. Will you choose to be boring now?”

Dearest Abigail, you should have seen how angry his eyes were.
“Do you have anyone else to write to?” He asked. I made the decision to let him know about you. I worry Abigail how he will use this against me.

To Abigail Hobbs,
Dearest Abigail, I am sorry to say that it will be a full month before we can see each other again. Jack knows where I keep extra cash. Simply ask him and he should give you it without question. I hope to see you happy and healthy when I get back. Tell everyone I said hello. If you are wondering as to why my handwriting is different, I injured my hand when I fell into a mirror. Please do not worry as it’s not very injured, just a bit sore. As it happens my dearest girl you are seeing the handwriting of a real count.
Sincerely,
Will Graham.
“Who is Abigail?” He asked as he finished signing the letter with the words Will Graham.

I said nothing, sealing the envelope with wax. He stopped me by grabbing my wrist. His skin is so cool as if death itself has placed kisses upon it.

“She is no one,” I said as I pulled back my hand.
“You told her about your injury one, you neglected to tell Mr. Crawford.” He said as he stared at my bandaged hand again.
“I do not have to share all my secrets with you,” I said as I hid my hand.
“Of course”, he said with a slight smirk, “ but might I offer advice? There are many ghosts in this manor and if you were to sleep where I don’t advise well there are worse things here than me.”

I said nothing as he left. Something about his tone makes me want to shudder. I had to sit down as my headache grew worse. I need to leave this stuffy place.

Later

I knew the Count was not human, but I could not believe he was truly an abomination until I saw it with my own eyes!

As I wandered through the darkness; the low light of the candle barely illuminating my way; I saw a window open. And then I saw him.

His arms were outside the window. I could scarcely see because of the faint moonlight but I knew it to be him by his form, from the way he moved his neck and arms. I stared in shock and confusion. He then began to crawl down the castle walls. Abigail, I fear that I must be going mad. I fear that the doctors were right in trying to send me to a facility.

This cannot be real Abigail, but there he was climbing down like a serpent.
Dearest Abigail, I fear that there are only two possibilities either I am going mad or the Count is a monster.

I do not know which one I fear worse.

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 13th

The Count is a cunning man. He caught me midway through having the shakes. If I wasn't a man of science I could understand the superstition of common folk of the devil being present in my body though they can't be entirely true, can it? As I wholeheartedly believe the Count is something man cannot explain yet.
The shakes were terrible this time. Usually, they only affect my hands. But these shakes came with a blinding and piercing pain behind my eyes. I nearly fell before the Count suddenly appeared and grabbed me.
"Will? William? He said as I came to. I did not have the strength to stand up just yet so there I lay in his arms breathing deeply.

"Will, where does it hurt?" He asked.
"My eyes." I managed to whisper through the pain.
"You must sit up, Will." He said as his hands slid down and grabbed me by the waist.

Abigail is this what the devil feels like? They say the devil is beautiful and tempting, but to know truly what he is like is like eating the forbidden fruit of Eden.
As he hoisted me up he began to ask me so many questions that I could not help but snap, "And are you a doctor? Why do you presume to know all this?"
He smiles showing all his teeth except this time for some unfathomable reason Abigail I did not shudder in fear, "I practiced medicine."

"Before or during my time alive?" I asked before any real thought went into it.
I could see him stiffen and then he began to laugh again. A rusty sound not unlike old door hinges that squeak with disuse.

"Will Graham you are a remarkable man." He said as his eyes trailed along my body. His hands were still on my waist. I said nothing as his hands gripped tighter on my waist. After a long and heavy moment, he let me go.
"I shall prepare dinner. Something calming for the nerves." I nodded heavily with a lump in my stomach. Must be colic.

We sat down at the table and talked about anything but you Abigail and his monstrous abilities.

Abigail, I worry about how much care I feel for this creature. I can feel loneliness off him when I watch him. I can not help but feel like we are alike, but this can not be true. I know that the Count views me as nothing.
Journal Entry from Will Graham, May 15th
Count Lecter is gone for the morning again. It is very suspicious that he is always gone in the mornings, but as of right now, I will attempt to find an exit.

Later

I can not help but feel that no one can live in a castle this large. It is too large to actually be convenient. I miss my dogs and I miss you the most Abigail. The windows are the only way to see out, the view is beautiful though I can't help but resent it. I am going mad at this manor and I wish to walk out and feel the wind and grass. Perhaps I'll speak with Count Lecter.

The doors are still locked as it grows darker and darker I feel most exhausted. But as though driven by a phantom I wandered through the galleries. I found a door at the top of the stairs which at first seemed to be locked but soon was revealed that was in face not but rather sat atop the floor. I pushed hard against the door and found a room settled with dust.

It was rather a large room with big and large windows. The yellow moon shone brightly and the great large chair seemed terribly comfortable. I could not help it. I sat down and I immediately relaxed against the finely made chair.

The air is cool as it blows against me. I am so very tired and the warning the Count gave me seems so very far away and unimportant. I shall sleep here tonight as whatever could be worse than the Count?

Chapter End Notes

Hi! I hope you guys like it. Also please tell me of any grammatical errors.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 16th

The morning sun has come up and now I truly feel safe. I should have listened to Count Lecter as there are worse things than him in this palace.

As I lay there sleeping I began to dream. I dreamt of the Counts lip near my neck. I felt as though I could not move. I knew that if he somehow came closer, I would be lost forever and then I awoke with a start. My eyes could barely open but I knew in my bones that there were others in the room with me.

Three beautiful women came out all in sync as if appearing out of thin air. All fair-skinned women with striking features, but it was their lips that drew me. Blood-red lips and chalky teeth. They talked amongst themselves and I attempted to move but I could not.

“Go ahead. He’s ours.” A woman with ebony hair that was long and lustrous and striking blue eyes said, her mouth was jagged, and her voice while beautiful and sweet was somehow bitter.

The one with flaxen hair and allure eyes came up to me with a sharp smile. I saw the third woman in the back with chestnut hair glaring at me as the blonde-haired woman came up to me.

She approached with a smile. I knew that she could not come near me.
“N-no.” I pleaded as she neared. She laughed gently. Her hands gently caressed my face as her teeth; her disgusting teeth neared.
“You can stay with us for eternity.” One said and somehow that pushed me out of my stupor. My hand came up and I struck her against the face. Her once beautiful features contorted in rage. She hissed and attempted to lunge at me, but now I had free rein. I threw her to the floor as the two other women began to attack as well.

I had no other thoughts as I thought of you, Abigail. I needed to leave this palace behind. I needed to be home with you, my dearest Abigail.

I felt their hands pulling at my skin tearing at the delicate flesh. I felt blood pooling at my wounds. I casted another to the wall and attempted to rip one that was hanging off my shoulder to the ground.

But somehow all three women managed to get me. The brown-haired woman held my hands behind my back with immense strength. The black-haired one held my head exposing my neck to the fast-approached blonde-haired woman.

She smiled scornfully with a bloody smile. I spit in her face. She scoffed and attempted to bite me before someone grabbed the back of her neck. The hand pulled her back and held her there. Count Lecter said something in Transvian and the women drew back.
“I told you all. He belongs to me. And how dare you attempt otherwise? When I specifically commanded you.” The count did not yell, but he still managed to be terrifying.

I stood there panting and bloody. The Count’s eyes… so transfixed upon me. I felt naked in front of his eyes.
“You are bleeding.” I wobbled as he spoke. He then caught me again as the shakes began. A headache began to form as I shook with tremors. I felt the Count lift me up like a bride; an embrace no man should do to another man.

He carried me to my room and laid me down on the bed. His hands with their pointed claw carded through my hair.
“You cunning boy.”
The shakes stopped slowly and i felt as though i was able to breathe again.
“Who were they?” I asked as I sat up, pushing his hand away.

“I did warn you not to sleep anywhere else but here. My… companions can be unfriendly.”
I had then begun to feel my wounds and they were more severe than I recalled. I hissed as i felt pain from my ribs. I pulled up my shirt to reveal blood.
“Stay here. I’ll bandage you up.” I stayed in bed with bleeding wounds and a troubled mind.

Dearest Abigail, I fear I’ll never make it home.

Later

The Count has just finished suturing my wounds. I declined the laudanum as I wanted to be alert during the night. He seemed to enjoy the fact I was in pain. I bit my finger trying to keep in my moans of agonizing pain but few let slip and I could see the curve of his mouth tilting upwards.

He very nearly caught me in the midst of me writing in this journal and I know if he were to read it; he would never allow me home.

His hands again were so very cold, but felt soothing against my iron hot skin. His wrapping skills are much better than mine. He asked that he be allowed to see how the wounds heal and I agree. We both know Abigail that I cannot keep track of myself when I am injured. As of right now, I feel as though I can sleep. I’ll try to get as much rest as possible.

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 17th

It is the morning and Hannibal is no one to be seen. I went to the top of the stairs only to find the door closed with so much force that the wood was splintered with force. I need to escape this place.

Later
It is night and I’m not imagining it. The Count only appears at night. I hear him in the library and I feel as though I should approach him.

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The count is a bit queer. As soon as I entered I saw that he was sketching. He noticed me and smiled. I did not return the smile.
“Will, strip down please.” I was so sure I misheard him. I stammered for a moment before I responded, “What?”
“I need to check your wounds.”
“Show me what you’re drawing first.”

Abigail you should have seen his satisfied smile; he had wanted me to ask. He revealed the page and I was shocked speechless for a moment as the scene came into view. It was me covered in blood in the snow, or at least I believe it to be snow. My breath was exposed to the freezing winds and my eyes were blazing. My hair was damp and sticking to me whether it was blood or perspiration I have no clue. I looked so much more beautiful than I’d ever seen myself.
“Is that me? Why do I look so… beautiful?” I recall asking in my haze.
“Well Will Graham, that is what you look like to me.”

My heart felt as though it would break through my rib cage exposing my innards. I pulled off my shirt. His eyes didn’t leave an inch of my skin untouched by his gaze.

After several long moments, I reached down for my shirt when I heard the Count, “No. Leave it off, if you don’t mind, would you pose for me?”

Abigail, there I stood with a dilemma. I could use this to my advantage. Don’t pose for him and leave any question unanswered or pose for me in exchange for answers to my never-ending questions.
“Only if I get to ask ten questions per posing.”
He smirked again with taunting eyes.
“Five and I get to veto three times.” I knew him well enough now to know this was generous so I nodded.

I sat down in the chair in front of him.
“How do you want me to sit?”
“Lean back and keep your eyes on me.”
The chair was larger than I anticipated so I leaned back and my eyes were barely able to open. I looked at him through small slits.

“What are you?”
“Veto.” He replied as he sketched intently. I sighed.
“How did you crawl down the castle walls?” He smiled softly.
“With my arms and legs.” I sat up this time.
“That is not what I asked and you know this.” I snapped.
“You have three questions left use them wisely.”

I stopped and began to think.
“What do you use to nourish yourself? I have yet to see you eat anything much less drink anything.”
He sketched for a little while before answering me, “I drink blood to nourish myself.”

I felt my body tense after hearing this. I leaned back into the chair hoping to conceal myself. He looked at me now with unblinking and unabashed eyes.
“Do you have more questions? “ He asked I nodded with my eyes looking away.
“Who were those three women?” He stopped at this point.
“My wives.” I stopped still this time.
“How can they be your wives? You hate them. They were nothing to you.” I saw that look in his eyes that night. No one who loves someone would look at them like that, as if mere insects on the ground or pests in the gardens. Again he laughed.
“They bore me to death now I’ll admit but before they were interesting.”
“They hate you too, you know.”
Again he smiled, “I know however they won’t ever hurt me.”
“You are so very shameless.” I did not ask any more questions as he sketched me. At the very end, he asked, “Do you wish to see it?” I shook my head and left the room immediately. When i woke breakfast did not seem important and so I did not eat and chose instead to stay in my room until night came and went.

The Count did not come in search of me.

Chapter End Notes

I decided to post a bit early again. The story is coming along unfortunately im not a planner so I don’t know how many chapters. Hopefully you guys like it! Also please tell me of any mistakes in my writing.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 19th

The Count found me at the library again tonight. He asked that I seal three letters. The first declaring my work was soon done, the second that by the time the first letter arrived I would start on the journey back home, and the last that I left this dreadful place and arrived in Bistritz.

I said nothing as I stared at him.
"And will I be arriving home on time?"
"As you are not posing for me at the moment I refused to answer."
"Would you like me to pose?" I sucked at my teeth as I asked this. He said nothing as he began melting wax for the letters.

I stood there for a long moment before he finally answered, "Please strip again." I hesitated for a moment before pulling off my shirt. I was beginning to sit when the Count spoke, "No, lay down on the loveseat."

I lay down and turned my face to look at him.
"Why must I be shirtless for this?" I asked whilst sighing heavily.
"Because I want to draw things I find beautiful and I find your form beautiful." He said. Abigail, I have never met anyone stranger.

"Will I be arriving home on time?" I ask after a long moment.
"I am not really sure yet." He responded.
"How can you not know?" I asked immediately after he said this. He responded after a pregnant pause, "I have yet to understand why I do not wish to kill you. You interest me and yet if I were to let you go… You could reveal everything."
"But I will not; I simply wish to go home to Abigail," I replied.
"Who is Abigail? And why is she so important to you?" I debated on telling him, but what if he were to use you against me so I did not say anything besides, "She's everything to me." Abigail, I truly cannot trust my mind as of right now, but I swore the Count grew angry though his eyes betrayed no rage.

Again at the end, he asked if I would like to see the drawing. I agree this time and I could not believe it. I cannot allow you to read this Abigail as it was truly sensual. My skin was heated and flushed as I lay on the loveseat. My eyes were glazed over as if I were tired, my mouth was parted and my hand was reaching out towards the viewer. I looked so erotic.

"Why did you draw me like this!?" I question with a ferocious rage. He did not respond and asked with infuriating ease, "Would you like to see the others?" I took the book from his hands and began to look through it.

Yesterday's drawing was of me sitting down with my legs open and inviting, my eyes were bright and again my skin was hot and flushed. My eyes were focused directly on the viewer. Again I asked, “Why do you disrespect me like this?” I threw the book on the ground as I walked back and forth. Suddenly the Count was in front of me. He grabbed my hands, I struggled against him futilely.
“Will Graham, I drew you as you were.”
“You liar!” I hissed in between my teeth.
“I am not,” I said nothing in response as I finally pulled my hands away. I left the room and began to write here.

Abigail, is it true? Did I truly look at him like that?

Journal entry from Will Graham, May 20th

This is my chance! Groups of gypsies have arrived in the courtyard. I waved as they came through the big gates. They did not speak my language but that did not matter. I have written you a letter dearest Abigail, I made strange motions hoping to convey my message. I threw the letter down and Abigail for my sake. I hope it is not my last chance at freedom.

Later

Dearest Abigail,
How will I ever face you again? I have just murdered someone. When night came the Count came to my room. I allowed him in as I did not understand the consequences of this at that very moment. He smiled before pulling in two people and casting them to my feet.
“Choose; observe or participate.” He said as he threw my letter to the ground with the seal ripped open.
“What?” I said as I felt a heaviness settle in my chest. It felt as though time had stopped as if seeing an Angel down in a tavern would seem normal rather than this scene.

“Observe or participate. You choose who I kill; participate, or you watch as I kill both; observe.”
“Hannibal. Please! Don’t, you can’t.” I began to plead with him.
“But I can.” He said as they began to struggle. They began to beg me, “Please don’t choose me, sir. I have a son. He has no father!” She struggled against her binds with tears tracking down her cheeks.

The man began to speak, “My wife, please, she can’t be windowed! My son cannot grow up without a father!”
Hannibal stared at me with cold and cruel eyes.
“She has an occupation in the church but steals from it to support her son. He works three jobs to support his family but visits brothels every night focusing on the youngest girls, I know his youngest was a mere 12 years of age.”

I felt as though I would stop breathing. I hoped that I would wake up with a trembling form.
“Hannibal! Please! I’m sorry!” I cried out, but he did not care.
“Choose or watch.” I could not answer him for I could not hear him. My hands shook as I grabbed at him with wet eyes. He did not waver.

“Observe then,” He grabbed the women with thick hands. Her hands grabbed at his wrist, she looked at me then with bloody eyes. She mouthed the words, help me, please.

I felt her. I felt the way his cold hands wrapped around her neck. I felt the way her neck would be crushed with the strength of his hands. I felt the way the bile would rise up in her throat as she passed.
I could not ignore her pleas.

“Him! I chose him! Let her go, please!” He smiled and threw her at me. I held her close to me and covered her eyes as Hannibal grabbed the man and used his long and sharp nail to cut the man’s throat in front of me. I felt the warm hot blood splatter onto my face.
“I hate you.” I whispered; my eyes still shut.
“You betrayed my trust, Will. And you earned it back.”
And he left with the body in tow. Abigail, I want to go home with you. He has just left with the woman. I can hear her running out of these castle walls screaming.

Journal entry from Will Graham, June 3rd

The sun is out and I feel dead inside my living body. I do not eat. I do not sleep. Hate is rotting inside me. I wish him dead. I wish for him to choke whilst feasting on blood. I want to kill him with my bare hands.
We have not yet seen each other since he; we killed someone. I am growing weaker day by day and I’m not sure if I will live.

Everyday something gets closer. I hear the pounding of its hooves nearing closer and closer. I am not sure if this is reality. I am not sure of anything anymore.

Later

The Count, being the demon he is, had arrived in my room as the night sky began to take over. He entered the room like a storm, but I could scarcely care as I was much too weak. I thought death would have been better, but the Count is much too cruel to let me die.
I felt him hold me up and guide me to the dining room. I did not fight; I could not. I was sitting in a fine chair, I cannot help but focus on the stitching. It was beautiful. It must have taken hours of back breaking work. Their fingers must have bled, soaking into the fragile fabric.
My fingers trailed against the embroidered cloth. I only noticed the Count serving me a plate when he set it down in front of me.

“Eat.” He said as he stood next to me. I shook my head.
“I was not asking you, Will.” His hand, that killed someone most certainly that has killed others, gripped the back of my neck, gently. So gentle that it felt like snow falling down. His voice was calm and low.
“I do not wish to eat.” I responded, despondently.
“I do not care what you wish for.” His clawed hand reached over my shoulder and put a boiled potato on a fork. His grip on my neck was still loose. But as I refused to open my mouth for him; his hand squeezed tightly.
I cried out in pain and as my mouth was open he shoved a forkful of food into my mouth. I spit it out and I glared at him harshly.

Again he directed food into my mouth, but prior spitting it out he gripped the back of my head by my hair and pulled it until my face was turned upwards toward the sky. I scowled at him and he smiled.

“There you are. Being so depressed is not like you.” I bared my teeth at him and swallowed the food. I felt his fingers slide towards the base of my throat. I could feel his fingers push against the resistance of my swallowing.
“Fuck you.” He tsked at me like a child and we went like this for a while. He fed me and I glowered at him throughout it.

I was attempting to be hateful, but my body could no longer deny itself the necessity of nourishment. I began to eat willingly, though the Count’s hand never left the nape of my neck.

He grabbed my hands as you would do with a women and lead me to my room.
“Rest.” I did not respond, closing the door behind me. I hate him. I truly hate him. His countenance is so cruel! His hedonistic ways wound me.

Journal entry from Will Graham, June 6th

I have yet to attempt to make contact again with the Gypsies. I stay away from the windows lest they see me. The Count has been coming to my room for the last several nights making sure I eat. I do not wish any harm on anyone anymore, besides the Count.

I feel as though the longer I stay in this palace the more I will forget about my life outside these walls. The headaches are much worse now, and I cannot keep food down. I’m not sure as to what to do. It feels as though Death is nearby waiting to catch me unawares.

Journal entry from Will Graham, June 8th

I felt as though I needed to go on a walk and so I made it to the room full of the looking glass. I look like death itself. My skin is sallow and my eyes are gaunt. I fear that this may be the end of me.

Behind me was a great ravenstag. I could feel it breathe upon the back of my neck. It did not make any noise though.

Later

Abigail, I did not fear death for it is natural, but even as I am dying in front of him, he cannot leave me be! He came into the room and as I cannot see him in the looking glass; he snuck up behind me.
His cold hands touched me and I jumped slightly before realizing it was him.

“Will, let us go for a walk.” I turned to look at him, bewildered. I grabbed his arm tightly feeling flesh and reality for the first time in a while.

“Why?” I had asked as he began to wrap me up in a scarf. I had grown thinner and grew colder easier than I’d liked.

“The fresh air will do you good.” His hand rested upon my forehead for a moment too long and then he pulled it away. I nodded and out we went into the courtyard. Multiple Gypsies camps were set up. There was a low light surrounding us as we walked as the Gypsies were superstitious folks. Low lanterns surround their tents and caravans. The full moon also allowed light to illuminate our path.

The air was cool against my flesh. The moon filtering through the fragile and thin tree branches.
“When am I going home?” I asked into the darkness. The monster did not reply as we traveled along the path.
“I have sent a letter for Abigail.” I stopped and froze. It was as if the depth of hells were coming out of his god awful mouth.
“What did you say?”
“I sent for her. She should be arriving soon.” Abigail I could scarcely think, scarcely breath. I began to beat upon him. I felt my hands covered in the gore that began to flood from his face. I could hear the cracking of the bones in his face. He did not fight back against me.
“How could you!? You are a monster! I hate you! I hate you! Devil!” I scream at him. I grew tired quickly as I was weakened by my depression. His expression was bright which was so drastically contrasted by the bright red blood surrounding his face.

I recall being laid in bed, but cannot recall being brought to my room. His wounds were healed by the time I was asleep. I bring back to mind the first time we met in the godforsaken place. I wish so wholeheartedly that I never arrived here.

Dearest Abigail, I wish to never see you in these barriers.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoy! And as always please tell me if I have any grammatical or spelling errors!
Also if you’ve read Dracula you know that this does not happen in the books but as of right now it’s loosely very loosely inspired by Dracula . Hopefully I can get the tone right!

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Journal entry from Will Graham, June 10th

I have decided to maintain a friendship with the Count. I will convince him of my friendship and then I will condemn him to hell with my own hands.

I will slaughter him before his eyes can rest upon you.

Later

I again posed for the Count. He seems to think we are close as he smiled when I found him in the library. I did not return the smile.
“I want to ask questions,” I said as I stood in front of him. His smile grew wider. My eye contact did not waver, but he did.

I noticed his face which should have been covered in bruises and wounds were healed. I do not want to think about why.

His eyes cast downward as he smiled.
“I want you in the room full of mirrors.” He said I nodded and allowed him to lead me. As we walked in I kept myself amused but imagining smashing his face into the looking glass breaking the mirrors and allowing the shards cut into his face.

I took off my shirt with what I am afraid with zero hesitation.
“No, I want you to fully undress.” He said as he prepared his materials.
“I want ten questions then.”
He paused for a moment and then nodded.
I unclothed and laid myself on the bed. My back upon the soft silk bed and my head turned towards him.

“Your hair has grown longer.” The sound of pencil scratching paper surrounded us in the cold air. I shivered.
“I have not been able to cut it. I don’t usually allow it to get this long.”
“Why not?” He asked with his eyes heating my skin with their intensity.
“My father thought it was much too feminine.”
“Achilles had long hair, in fact, the Greeks considered long hair the sign of a great warrior. Turn your leg this way.”

I raised an eyebrow at him.
“Why was your first drawing of me beating your wives?” I asked as I slid my leg over.
“I told you before; I simply draw what I find beautiful.”
I laughed at this, “and what twisted view do I need to have to find beauty in blood.”
“Mine. What you have, Will is pure empathy, but I feel as though it is a blessing and a curse.

It holds back your potential."
I sneered at him, "Empathy? And what a blessing it is to have." I said with a tone of derision.

"Yes, it truly is. You are able to assume the point of anyone, see and understand someone truly."
I did not know how to respond to that Abigail so I said nothing in return.
"What do you want with my Abigail?"
"Veto."

The air grew colder as he stood up and walked towards me. I turned to face him as he stood over me with bright eyes.
"How did your wounds heal?"
His hands touched my hair moving it in certain ways. I felt… strange under his touch.
"I fed." He replied. I shuddered and looked at him in anger.
"Who did you "nourish" yourself with?" I asked with a disgusted expression.
"A young woman with whom you would have hated." He replied shamelessly.

Why does he presume to know me? What right does he have? I moved his hand and turned my face away from him, "when does Abigail arrive?"
"I sent the letter during the month of the end of May, she'll be arriving soon. She's been corresponding with whom she assumes is you." He didn't attempt to touch me again. I shot up like a bullet.
"Don't talk to her." He walked away, sat down, and picked up his book.

"Who is chaperoning her here?"
"Mr. Jack Crawford." I nodded in relief. Jack would keep her safe.
"You seemed content with that choice." He remarked as his pencil moved.
"I am. How long have you been around?"
"Do you truly wish to know?" I nodded, my eyes meeting his.
"Currently I am five-hundred and ninety-one years old."

I stopped breathing for a moment. I let my eyes drop and I could feel his smugness.
"Why did you choose your wives?" I asked.
"I enjoy beauty and their wit is astounding."
"They amuse you," I replied and he nodded.

"Do you desire my blood?" He smiled at this.
"Veto."
My body shuddered in revulsion. I wanted to retch. I was shuffling when he spoke.
"Don't move; I believed at first Abigail was your wife, but it became obvious that she is your ward. Her wit almost matched yours. I imagine she knows I am not you, and yet she is coming to my home. She truly adores you."
I opened my mouth, but he quickly interrupted me, "It is your last question."

I wanted to tell him Abigail tolerates me. That I, being the one who murdered her father, she had no choice but to hate me.

I stopped and began to think.
"Why do you want me here?"

“Why do you believe I want you here?” He asked with a grin.
“Your wives are little more than toys to you; I’m new and shiny. You’re gluttonous and need your belly full of interesting things. Your main driving force is pleasure and you want to show off your beautiful things.”
“You’re right about my wives, but I find the reason for my motivations a bit lackluster. Would you like to see it?” He directs my gaze to his sketchbook.
“No.” And I walked out without my coverings.

I felt his eyes staring as I walked away.

Journal entry from Will Graham, June 15th

The day you are expected to arrive grows closer and closer Abigail and I fear I won’t be able to escape before then.

Me and the Count are slowly making way to being “friends” but I fear I cannot control my disgust when it comes to him.

My sickness is going away with my health regaining its strength though sometimes I hear things in the halls. Things that cannot be explained. I hear the hooves of the Ravenstag.

Later

As I write this I have certainly made deals with the demons lurking within these corridors. It began with Count slithering down the walls. I wandered looking for an escape when one of the women, the one with black hair with her striking blue eyes pinned me against the wall like an insect.
“Shh!” She hissed exposing her sharp teeth, “I mean no harm.”
“How can I believe this when you have me against a wall?”

She pulled away slowly.
“He’s only gone for a little while, we do not have much time.” She spoke quickly and I could hardly keep up.
“What do you mean?”
“I want to kill Hannibal Lecter and I want your help.” I noticed her gaze, unsure and worried but attempted confidence.
“You need my help.” She stiffened but then her eyes lit ablaze.
“I know he has someone of yours. She’s young and vulnerable just the type he likes.” My heart felt cold within my chest.
“I will help you.” She looked terrified for a moment and her head snapped towards to her left.
“He’s here.”
I turned to see no one and when I turned back she was no longer there.

The Count suddenly appeared like a phantom. I backed away in fright for a moment before Abigail, the queerest thing, I relaxed around him.
“Why are you roaming my halls?” He asked as his hand rested upon my shoulder.
“I recall you saying I was free to roam as I pleased.” My tone was light despite the heaviness in my limbs. He smiled that wolfish smile and invited me into the drawing room.

I smoked a pipe and allowed us to converse about mundane things when he suddenly spoke up, “Abigail should arrive in a fortnight.”
I was suddenly very glad to agree to kill this monster.

I left after that with no words.

Journal entry from Will Graham, June 17

Dearest Abigail,

The Count invited me into the kitchen. I entered and was pleasantly surprised to see that this room seemed well taken care of and kinder than all the rooms in this house.

As he cooked I decided by his relaxed manner that perhaps he would be generous enough to answer some of my questions. And I was right.

“Who is all arriving?”
“Abigail, Mr. Crawford, and a Mr. Chilton.” I stopped for a moment as he spoke those words.
“Mr. Chilton?” I questioned.
He raised an eyebrow, “yes.” What was he doing here? Why was he coming? In my shock, the Count came up to me.
“Taste this.” He commanded and held up a spoon. I ate the soup and was not very surprised to find it was delicious.

“Perfect as usual.” I responded and I noticed he preened under the praise, “How will you serve everyone?
“I will order some hands for helping.” He responded casually and that calmed me some.
“And what if your wives?” I asked and he smiled.
“Veto.” I surprised myself by laughing.

I ate soon after that and asked him, “And what of your eating habits?”
“I can consume meat if it comes from a long pig.” I stiffen immediately. You should have seen the glee on his face as I realized what he had been feeding me.

He stood up and walked around the table and leaned down picking up my spoon that slipped from my hand. He scooped up a piece of the meat I was eating and put it in his mouth.

I could no longer hold it in; I ran away as fast as I could and began to retch out the foul flavors. I push my fingers inside my throat hoping to expel it all out.

I sit and wait for the shaking of my limbs to quell.

Journal entry from Will Graham, June 20

Nine more days before you set to arrive, my dearest Abigail, I worry about the Count knowing about my plans. I have decided when he leaves during the night I will climb into his room and find the keys to leave this place.

Later

I hate him! I despise the creature! I loathe the fact that he breathes.
As I climbed into his room using the same walls he does to slither down I managed to not look down though I felt the wind through my clothes. It was not cold as the season was warm. His window already left and opened startled me.

The Count is not a stupid man. He would not just leave his window open. I took a deep breath and went in. I tread quietly. In the room there lay a pile of gold in the corner, gold and treasure so immensely piled up that it was revolting. And there in the middle of the room was a coffin, my fingers shook and I reached over and with quivering hands began to open the coffin when my body began to tremble. I remember thinking that this couldn't possibly happen, but it did.

I felt my eyes roll and my teeth clenched harshly around my tongue causing it to bleed. The Count was up in a moment's time and grabbed me, he must've smelled the blood.
"Will, what are you doing in my room?" He asked as he set me down in a chair and smiled at me.

I wanted to curse him, but my body would not allow me to. Soon the shakes slowed and the Count allowed me to lean upon his chest. He instructed me to take deep breaths and then as i slowly calmed down he leaned away.
"I wanted the keys to escape," I replied to his questions as soon as i was able. He laughed out loud and then seemed surprised like his own laughter was a shock to him.

He then looked around the room.
"How did you enter?" He asked.
"With my arms and legs," I replied with a bit of a snap. He smiled again and then stood me up.
"It is quite late, shall we go to bed?" It was not a question and he guided me out of the room. We stopped at my door. He waited for me to open the door and I stood with a strange worry.

"Why did you bring Abigail here?" I asked again.
"Goodnight, William."

And here in my bed, I write this down. I know deep in my heart's heart that he will not be reasoned with. That I will leave this castle with a broken mind, a weary soul, and more blood upon my hands.

Chapter End Notes

I know I should say I update every Friday as more often than not I always end up posting earlier, but I feel like this will help me feel more accomplished so... As always tell me what you think and if there is any grammatical mistakes let me know!

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Journal entry from Will Graham, June 29th

I shake with the anticipation of Abigail arriving. Servants that the Count has hired have been coming in and out all day. But no one is allowed in his kitchen except me.

He has invited me to join him for dinner but I have refused to do so unless I have no meat on my plate. He obliges me. He eats in front of me comfortably while I barely manage to consume my meals with my stomach trying to empty itself.

Hannibal entered and has told me he is setting off to fetch all of you. The night is dark and I fear you all won't arrive.

Later

You have come dearest Abigail and how I missed you. You did not smile at me when you arrived and I gave me a great hug. I noticed you've grown and commented as much and that's when I noticed Winston. I gave a great big joyous laugh and leaned down to hug and pet him. I've missed him so.

Jack came up to him and shook my hand firmly.
"Jack," I whispered. And then around the corner came Chilton with his many suitcases.
"Fredrick," I spoke with a stinging voice.

When we settled in the dining room, Hannibal stood up and asked with a grin, "Will, could you join me in the kitchen?" I nodded and reluctantly left your side, Abigail.

We entered the kitchen and he showed me five plates.
"One of these will be served with long pig to our guests. I want you to choose who will receive it." I did not hesitate this time.
"Feed it to Fredrick. It can't be cannibalism if Fredrick is only a pig." He laughed and nodded to one of the servants who I could not help but nervously noticed she looked so very like Abigail.

We sat down and began to eat and I could not help but share grins with the Count as I knew what Fredrick was eating. And he kept blabbering on, "What a delicious meal. And you make this yourself? This is so very amazing." I drank wine in order to hide my laughter. I unfortunately did laugh when he said, "And what amazing meat. It's so tender."

Perhaps it was because I was in such a good mood or perhaps I truly did go mad here.

Fredrick glowered at me for the rest of dinner. The count stood up then with his feline grace and said, "I will show everyone to their rooms." But he could not be that kind. He had to hurt

me in some way and he did.
Abigail was situated across from my room. Jack was next to me and Fredrick was farther away.

I was glad for that. Each person seemed content with their rooms besides Fredrick of course. When Hannibal smiled savagely, “Abigail, I hope you do not mind, but as your guardian, Mr.Crawford, and I do need to talk, I hope that the company of a good friend of mine, Miss Bedelia Du Maurier will suffice for you in the meanwhile.”

I stepped forward towards Abigail when Bedelia with her bloody lips stepped out in the light. Hannibal caught my arm with his enormous strength and did not allow movement. Jack shook her hand and with a kind smile introduced himself. Fredrick, being so “gentlemanly” bent down and kissed her hand and said, “I’ve never had the pleasure of meeting a more beautiful woman.”

Abigail seemed cautious for a moment but smiled tightly and they introduced one another. I scowled at Hannibal. He leaned in and whispered in my ear, “What is wrong, Will.” I flinched at the feeling of his breath hitting my ear.

We entered the library and talked. Jack seemed to take to the Count quickly which confused me to no end. He was a suspicious man he needed to be and yet he was there laughing and joking.
“Will? Are you alright? You seem… reserved?” Jack questioned as I kept stealing glances towards the door. His eyes landed on the crucifix with questions in his eyes.

“I’m quite alright. I just missed Abigail.” I replied as the Count stood up. He walked around behind me and placed a heavy hand on my shoulder. I could be aware of Jack’s odd look towards us.
“Will I’m sure we can proceed without you present, please go enjoy your time with Miss Hobbs.”

I did not need more. I nearly leaped up from my seat and walked quickly to find you. I wanted to tell you everything, but Bedelia was there with us. I found it nearly impossible for her to be separated. You seemed to notice your eyes always following her, but quickly rest was needed and we soon fell asleep.

I tried to enter your room when I found the door being blocked by a man. He was tall with cropped brown hair. His eyes were alert and focused on me.
“Mr. Graham.” He said with a smile. I did not return it.
“I need to enter.” I reached for the knob when his hands were suddenly on my chest holding me back. I nearly yelled when he pushed a finger to his lip indicating to be quiet.

“Let us talk, Will.” He spoke.
“I do not wish to talk.” I hissed and attempted to walk away when he said, “You’ve survived the longest with the Count.” I halted and turned around slowly.
“What do you mean?”
“I remember hearing stories of the Count at my grandmother's feet as a young boy. They used to say none escaped the Monster of Romania. And when they said the monster was hiring, I could not resist.”

I could not help but stare at him in bewilderment.
“You are aware of the Count's awful nature, his lack of humanity, and yet you choose to come here within his boundaries.” I said.
“I wish to be the first to leave here alive. My grandmother used to say the Count never aged. That the creature that resides here has been here for a very long time.”

My lips twisted into a sneer, “and you believe the Count will offer you the secret? You are more idiotic than I thought.”
“He does not have to; I know the secret.” I could not bear to hear more of this. I left and went to my quarters where I am currently writing. I do not know how or when to tell you, but I will make sure you escape this place as soon as I can manage it.

Journal entry from Will Graham, June 30th
It’s been one day since you arrived Abigail and I have still not managed to find time to speak to you privately therefore I have written a letter. I shall attempt to slide to you.

Later

The Count seems to become wiser every minute! He somehow managed to keep you away from me all day. And that damn guard dog of his won’t allow me to see you! I walked out as the previous night and there he stood. I soon figured out his name was Matthew.

“Good evening, Will.” I scowled.
“You seem to know me well, and yet I have no clue as to what even your name is.”
“Mathew Brown.”
“And tell me Matthew Brown how do you propose that you will be able to make the count to grant you immortality?” He smiled wickedly.
“I just need his blood.”

I took a step back and laughed, muffling the noise with my hands.
“I’ve seen the count crawl down walls like a spider, I seen huge wooden door he’s crushed with the force of his strength, and I seen wounds that should have taken weeks to recover be completely healed the next hour.”

He took a step towards me with a strange gleam. I did not move; I would not.
“But he does bleed, but he does need to crawl down in order to avoid broken limbs. He is not invincible.”
“No, he is not, but if you truly believe that you will be able to outwit him, you will never win against him.”

With that I turned around. Brown does not know the count as I do. He does not understand the danger of simply existing near the Count. He will die and when he does hopefully we’ll be far away.

Journal entry for Will Graham, July 5th

I truly do not believe I will ever make it home. Everyone here seems truly captivated with the Count, even you, dear Abigail. Jack respects him so much, and you seem so comfortable

around him. I wonder why I should feel envious. You are mine. Both of you are my companions, but I feel that if you both had the chance you would abandon me.

Later

When nightfall came I did not bother attempting to go to your room, I decided that I needed to relax so I headed to the library. The fire was not going, but a bundle of logs sat next to the fireplace and so I started a fire.

It became warmer and I allowed the candle to light my way. I was startled to find the Count standing behind me. I nearly dropped the candle, but his hand shot out and caught the flame. It did not seem to burn him and I shuddered at the lack of pain.

The candle went out and the only source of light came from the dim fire. It blurred his face and I wanted to take a step back, but I did not.

I tried to speak when my shakes began. He held me through them. I wanted to fight against him, but… some part of me did not want to. I was so tired, and he was so very warm. My legs were very weak and he guided me down. He sat in a chair with me in between his legs. "Will, your body is very tense. I will massage the muscles in an attempt to loosen them." I nodded numbly. His fingers work skillfully and quickly.

"You have a fever." He said and I looked up at him with welling tears. I knew the sickness must be back and with a vengeance. I never felt such headaches, never felt such blinding pain behind my eyes, never felt the shakes overtake my entire body like this. His fingers with his sharp claws gently ran through my hair.

I shocked myself by leaning in his hands. I did not want to look up and see his smug expression. I felt like a lowly and sick dog. I felt the red-hot flush of embarrassment hit my shoulder, but I did not move.

His hands calmed my nerves, relieved the pain, and allowed me warmth and who could say no to that?

"Will, allow me to treat you. I know you do not wish for your illness to be common knowledge again." I froze at the words.
"You knew," I whispered in the suddenly freezing air.
"I read about you in the papers before you came."
"I hate you," I whispered as his hands did not stop moving.

"Jack would never allow you to care for Abigail if he found out you were ill again. I'll help you hide it." He knew who to use I'll admit, but I should have not taken his offer. I should have run. I should have killed him and been done there, but I can't imagine a place without you there Abigail and so I nodded.

I did not have to turn around to feel his self-satisfied attitude. I must have fallen asleep there as when I woke up I was in my bed. I fear that he may sneak into my room one day without me noticing.

Chapter End Notes

Y'all please let me know what you think. I feel like I'm hitting a slump and I'm so bored of the castle scenes I might do a festival in my latest chapter which you won't get for a while.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Journal entry from Will Graham, July 16th

The Count has been attending to me quietly. My fever is growing, but his cool hands help. I fear it is madness to allow this monster to help me, but I know that this madness has most likely consumed me already.

I dread that my sickness is noticeably there, Hannibal assured me it is not, but Matthew and Fredrick keep sending me strange and odd looks. You are very comfortable Abigail. Winston did not enjoy the Count at first although it also seems the Count's strange charismatic ways even affect animals or Hannibal has been feeding him. No one seems to care very much that the Count doesn't appear in the day as he made up a story of being sensitive to the sun.

They all adore him and it makes me sick.

Later

There has been a murder within the castle! The servant girl who looked so much like Abigail. Her throat was slit, the blood pooled around her. I heard the scream when she was first discovered. It was midday. The sun is at its peak.

Jack, of course being a police officer in London, was there before anyone else asking questions. The girl, who discovered the body, was being interrogated by Jack, the poor thing was shaking like a leaf.

The dead girls bright blue eyes looked upon me, and I felt as though my skin was covered with blood. Her eyes so very much like yours, Abigail.

I heard the light footsteps but I was far too late. I heard the blood-curdling screams. I turned to find Abigail, ashen-face and shaking with the same wide bright blue eyes as the dead girl.

I ran towards her and grasped at her, pulling her in my arms. I held her face in my chest while murmuring quiet and soft words, but it did not stopped her trembling form.
"Abby, it is alright."
Jack came up behind me, "Will, I need you." He said quietly.
"Allow me a moment!" I hissed quietly. It took nearly all day to console her. Any movement or inclination of the idea of leaving her caused her to sobbed more harshly and gripped onto me.

Finally the poor child was asleep though with a slight fever. Everytime she cried or I felt the tears upon my shirt I cursed Hannibal. I cursed, the monster he is, down into hell.

It was nightfall when I managed to escape Abigail grasps. She was truly pitiful, her eyes swollen with her tears, her skin pallid, and her shuddering lungs struggling to take in air. I almost did not leave, but I found myself going anyways when I imagined Jack's face.

I entered the servants hall where the girl was murdered and could scarcely contain myself when I saw the Count conversing with Jack. I glared at him with a hint of betrayal. Fredrick stood near the body.

Hannibal came up to me and quietly whispered, “truly think about this, Will.” I was confused for a moment before Fredrick walked in slamming the doors open. All turn to face him; the Count's face was filled with annoyance before quickly and uttering composing himself.
“Fredrick, this is the scene of the crime and as such you are not allowed.” Jack said angrily.

“Oh come on, Jack we all know who it is.” His eyes were pointed to me. I glared at him harshly.
“Mr. Clinton!” Jack yelled in my defense or in my usefulness I did not know.
“Will…” Hannibal whispered quietly. I said nothing in return.
“Everyone please leave.” Jack nodded, and began to move, but Hannibal did not.

Jack moved to possibly explain to Hannibal who simply raised a hand, “I will not be leaving Will alone with the body of a girl who looks so much like his daughter. I fear the repercussions and as such I will be here to make sure Will does not come out more damaged.”
I sighed heavily, “it is alright, Jack.” I said and Jack stared at me quizzical.

“If you say so, Will.” And so they left the room. Hannibal stared at me curiously.
“Will, do you remember last night you had an attack? Your body was convulsing.”
I shook my head suddenly aware of how close he had gotten to me. I looked at him, “when were you in my room?” He smiled softly.
“Jump, Will.”

-

“Will!” Jack was suddenly by my side. I looked up at Hannibal who stood by a kneeling Jack. I could not help, but compare his likeness to that of a deity. I turned towards Jack, restless with visions of the murder, “She was grabbed from behind. He- the killer slit her throat whilst she struggled. It was quick, but not painless.” I stammered out. I looked up towards Hannibal who did not bend down and extended and hand. I took it and he lifted me up onto my feet.
“Why Will?” Jack asked.
“I do not know… It’s like he did not- God I cannot. All I can see is Abigail.” My weight was on all Hannibal at this point.
“I need it, Will. Abigail could be in danger.” Jack knows how to use me too.

My body shook though Hannibal managed to hide it some by pressing me into his side steadying me. I took a deep breathe. I allowed the pendulum swing.

I enter the hall. It’s quiet. The girl, I’ve been tracking her, she’s alone. She’s walking away. I can’t have that. I reach for her and she struggles and the pain is astounding. It’s painful to

have her fight against me. I hate it. The knife slices through before I can truly think about it. I can feel the way the knife tears through the fragile skin of her neck.

“He feels as though… she hates him and he cannot stand for it.” Jack was going to ask for more I know he was, before Hannibal swept in. He whispered something to Jack who nodded solemnly. I grinned slightly; courtesy kept him away from me, not my pain.

I was directed in my room with Hannibal helping me the whole way.
“What did you see when you entered the killer mind?” Hannibal asked as we walked.
“A pitiful state of mind.” I responded and we did not speak.
“Why am I fairing worse?” I asked as soon as the door closed behind me.
“I cannot help you truly if you keep things from me.”
“What do you mean?” I asked, perplexed. He stared at me for a long moment and then pulled out my supplies from the drawer of my night table.
“You have been treating yourself without telling me.

Books from his library about treatments, bandages I stole, and other things that could possibly help me escape from him with a clear mind.
I lunged at him to which he sidestepped. I glowered at him to which he frowned.
“I hoped we would not keep secrets.”
“You are keeping secrets from everyone here.” I said as I moved off the bed and I suddenly felt like I should not move. We began to circle each other.
“Their mine. Give them back.” He stood still, too still. I attempted to move, but he was much too fast. He grabbed me by my wrist. I leaned my head back and swung, hitting his nose. I heard the revolting noise of his nose breaking.

He did not react.

“I am not going to take these, yet I feel as though I should have something of yours. Insurance you may say.”
I laid still when he ripped my crucifix off my neck. He left after that and my neck feels lighter and yet my heart feels burdened. I know what he can and will do with that piece of “evidence”. I would not be able to escape Chilton “care” this time.

I am sorry to say Abigail, you will never see this journal. You will never know why I am fearful and hateful of the Count. I will leave this journal here when we escape this place. As I write this the wolves have yet to stop their howling. They sound so very close and more likely than not are.

I have yet to see a carriage leave the walls. I know it must be the Count’s doing.

Journal entry from Will Graham, July 17th

The count was in his archives when I found him. He was sitting in his chair whilst reading. My mind being so occupied and overwhelmed I could not help but begin to blather, “the killer is overwhelmingly sad. He is upset and disgusted with himself and he is in my mind constantly.” I panted out. The count put down his book.
“Do you need to sit, Will?”

I began to pace.
“No. I do not wish to sit.” I responded when he casually said, “I did not say want; I said need.” I swallowed and calmly slowed down.

“Why? Why? Would you murder someone?” I began to question when he put a hand up.
“I do not take credit for murders that are not mine.” He said. Liar but knew it to be true. He is prideful and above all values his art and other art.

I glared at him and left.

Journal entry from Will Graham, July 18th

Jack is no closer to finding out who killed the young girl. Abigail has been distanced since her viewing the body. I know I should not push, but I fear the repercussions if I do not.

Matthew is outside her room every night. I cannot get close to her. I worry that perhaps it is him as Hannibal said it was not him committing these crimes. But how mad do I have to be in order to believe the creature that lives in these walls?

Later

I found the Count, but I am concerned as to where our relationship is going. The library was cool which was a sure sign the Count was near. I did not call out to him as I walked deeper into his archives I saw him sitting transfixed deep in thought.

I walked up to him and placed a hand on his shoulder, “Hannibal?” I called quietly in the air. He was not startled to see me, barely reacting to me besides his eyes rising to meet mine with a slight smile.

“Yes?” He responded quickly.
“I would like to ask some questions.” I said as I sat in the chair across from him. He tilted his head and stared at me with a strange gleam in his eyes.
“Kneel.”

My heart stopped and my blood ran cold.

“What did you say?” I asked as my hand clenched tightly.
“I certainly cannot ask you to undress with your guest here so I’ll ask you to pose for me. Kneel.” I glared at him harshly, wanting so badly to wrap my hands around his neck.

I swallowed my pride and knelt.
“Did you kill that girl?”
“No I did not, though I do believe I have asked that question” Hannibal eyes followed my breathing. When?
“Are you lying?” I asked quickly after. He did not roll his eyes though it was the closest thing possible to it.
“Will, I believe you and I are friends and as such I would not lie to you.”

I scoffed, “lies by omission are still the same as actively lying.” I hissed out.
“Truly Will, would it be wise for me to make Jack suspicious of me before I leave for London?”
I did not dignify that with a response. While I knew it was true it was incredibly stupid for Hannibal to kill whilst Jack was here Hannibal could not pass up an opportunity to show superiority.

“Do you know who killed the girl?”
“Veto.” I bite down on my tongue harshly.
“Is Abigail safe?”
“Veto.”
“Who is Matthew?” He raised an eyebrow.
“A man who has grew in the village.”
“Why is he outside Abigail's room every night?”
“Veto.”

I wished to have asked more.
“Would you like to see it?” He asked as he placed his pencil upon his lap.
“Have you defiled me again?” He smirked and raised up the sketchbook for me to grab to which I did.

I open the book to find my naked form. I felt my cheeks burn red with shame as I saw myself nude laying on the bed. My limbs relaxed and my eyes closed. My mouth was slightly ajar and the shading seemed to show a heavy flush upon my skin. I look asleep or dead.

This one was of me sitting down reading a book, a dog at my feet, Winston. I’m not smiling though my lips are slightly curved. The next page is still me sitting in the chair but now I’m watching the viewer with a smile I’ve never seen myself have. It’s wide with all my teeth showing. My eyes are bright with happiness and my manner inviting.

My hand touched my mouth in shock and the Count noticed quickly, “I had to use my imagination for your smile. Would you allow me to know if I was right?” I must have looked as confused as I felt in that moment. I was so suddenly aware of our positioning. Me kneeling before this creature who sat high and regal as if on a throne. I was so very vulnerable.
“Smile for me, Will.”

The air was suddenly warm as I realized I was only wearing a night shirt, the top of my bare chest was exposed which was odd as I had once posed bare for the Count. I took a deep breathe hoping to calm myself before asking, “and what do I get in return.”
“I have seen a man roaming the halls at night smelling of blood and sweat. He is a servant. I will not tell you what kind-“ he said as my mouth opened. He smiled and I clenched my jaw.

My breathe hitched within my chest. I smiled willingly to which the Count smiled back.
“I was so very nearly right, it is a bit more crooked than I imagined.” His hand reached out and trace the shape of my lips. He pulled his fingers away and I casted my eyes downward and turned the page.

This one was of me kneeling. My eyes were full of anger and my skin was shining with sweat. My lips were set in a firm line. My hands were clenched and I looked rebellious even

as I bent down to the floor.

I did not wish to turn to the next page, but I felt as though I should. His knees were in view and my head rested upon his right knee. My eyes were focused upwards and glassy. His hand with his clawed nails rested upon my face and I placed a gentle hand upon it. I was smiling gently.

I tore out the page and storm away.

As I sit here in bed I wonder if I should burn this drawing. This foul and vindictive characiture of me. But I find I cannot and I do not know why.

Journal entry from Will Graham, July 19th

I was awoken very early by my headache. I left the room and found a warm breakfast waiting for me. I shall eat and write at the end of the night.

Later

The Count's way disgust me. As I finished eating breakfast I was cornered by Fredrick and with his slimy way of speaking said, "degenerates like you belong in my madhouse." I glared at him not realizing what he meant.
"You kneeling in front of another man like a common whore. A crime not to be mention in front of God." My heart stopped. The Count must have knew he was there. I glared even harder.

"Did it make you realized some things, Fredrick?" I asked as I leaned forward. "I will have you hauled off where you belong." He hissed.
I stepped forward and scoffed, "and who will believe you? Everyone knows you hate me. Spare yourself the embarrassment." He glared at me and stormed off.
I held a hand to my chest tightly. No one would believe him, everyone knew he hated me as much as he admired me.

Still I cannot help but find this worrying.

Later

I have decided to seek out Alana. I have yet to see her and I must know what I need to do in order to escape this nightmare.

As I exited my room and felt Matthews eyes on me. I turn to face him.
"Where are you going, Will Graham?" He asked.
I sneered at him, "I am going to find the wives of the monster."
He did not look shocked although I knew he was.
"Do let me know what they tell you." I did not respond and walked away.

The halls towards the women were desolate. The air was stale. I walked quietly when I heard a woman singing. High and soft with a gentle breeze. My heartbeat quickened. Fear enveloped me until I heard a it; quiet melody.

A strange calmness overtook me then and I followed the strange alluring noise. The song reminded me of the ports. The smell of salt in the air. The feeling of peace. I suddenly felt as though I was truly safe. I wandered deeper into the halls knowing if I found Bedeila first I would surely die, but felt resolute in the knowledge that I would be safe.

I suddenly stood very still when the women suddenly stopped singing. Now a feeling of dread overcame me. I hide myself against the walls trying to calm down my breathing when I felt a hand upon my face. I jumped and opened my eyes to see Alana.

A women with brown hair and deep large brown eyes stood behind her with a stern expression. She didn't seem to smile much.
"I need to know how we are going to kill the count.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like this story kinda sucks ass. I'm not a planner and so my plots don't tend to make sense. As always please let me know of any mistakes.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!